THE CALLIOPE

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FOREWORD

After nearly eight months in the works, Mr. Whittington and I are excited to offer this year's edition of *The Calliope*. Mr. Whittington's vision was to showcase the imaginative works of ICC's students, and this journal does just that. We are grateful for the support of our administration, and we are grateful for the faculty who foster students' creativity.

Presumably, this will be the first time these students are published. We hope this will encourage them to continue a lifetime pursuit of the arts.

-KM

Shawn Whittington – Editor in Chief

Keith Morris – Poetry Editor

Lillian Angle – Student Poetry Editor

Jessica George – Student Poetry Editor

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Power of Love

by Le-Ann Cummings

As the demon looked upon the angel with one glance, the demon was lost

Lost in the swirls of green in the angel's eyes

Lost in the whiteness and purity of the angel's wings, and completely gone are all the demon's evil thoughts and replaced with the love and brute strength the angel possesses.

The demon falls at the mercy of the angel and pleads for the angel's love in return.

“My love, stand before me, for you have no reason to fall at my feet.”

With the gentleness of a soft feather, the angel brushes the demon’s face with a flick of the angel’s wings, and behold, the demon has shed the hardened skin, and standing before the angel, an archangel instead.

Am I Really Fine…

by Kylie Seymore

Am I really fine?

I don't think I am,

But you think otherwise…

I sit in my room,

Crying from sunset to sunrise every day.

Going about everyday things with a smile on my face

No one ever knowing how broken I am inside.

Everyone who is close, I push away

I don't want to be a burden or a problem to someone else…

That is why I keep my feelings hidden

Hidden from my family

I even hide my true feelings from myself.

So you tell me…

Am I fine?

Fall of Life

by Faith Knox

Remember the yesterday that seems so far away.

The hopes and dreams, wanting so much.

Now, in fall, so much time has passed.

Holding on is where I am at last.

How Could I Have Known?

by Ashlyn Holcomb

Seven billion souls and I found yours
Loved it like it was my own
Captivated in your velvet eyes
How could I have known?

Known that one day
One day I would wake up
And you wouldn’t wanna stay

How could I have known?

Known that one night

One night I would lie awake

Without you by my side

How could I have known?

Known that one day

One day you'd be gone

HOPE

by Riley Hall

Hope is like a father praying for the second chance

It tastes like the comfort food of loved ones after a tragedy

It smells like candle fire at the memorials of our fallen ones

It reminds me of the newborn child who defied all odds

It sounds like the national anthem sung by the crowds

Hope makes me feel like everyone has the freedom to believe in a better future.

Oh, How You Loved The Rain

by Pam Dankins

I always wondered why you loved the rain
because I always wondered why you loved me.
Was it the sound of soft and loud pellets touching the street at night that cleansed pain within your heart?
Was it the sweet, fresh, evocative smell of rain inviting you to free yourself?
Does she bring relief to your heart?
Does she call out for you to lose yourself just for the moment?

Was it because I reminded you of a gushing hurricane, a violent thunderstorm, a destructive tornado, struggling to find a sense of direction?

Was it because the rain would allow for your nomadic pains of emotions to be washed away within an eternal darkness hiding inside you?

Was it because our sins unraveled into harsh consequences for both of us to deal with and watching the rain reassured you that a brighter day will soon come?

Was it because the storm falling from the sky in no way could ever match the storm within you?
But within this storm, I still become amazed by you.
Your hair was dripping wet, your clothes were clinging tightly to your body,
Your legs were slightly parted, and your arms were spread open wide.
No matter what condition you were in, you still found a way to smile.
As you slowly swayed from side to side like a flower dancing with the wind
I gazed lovingly at you as you began moving like a sweet dream.

I gazed lovingly at you as you began

moving like a sweet dream.

The storm fell around us while love fell

within us.

This let me know that no matter what is

surrounding us,

No matter the adversities we may face,

Our love will not be rattled by the storm's

presence.

For Any Pronoun

by Gabrielle Cooper

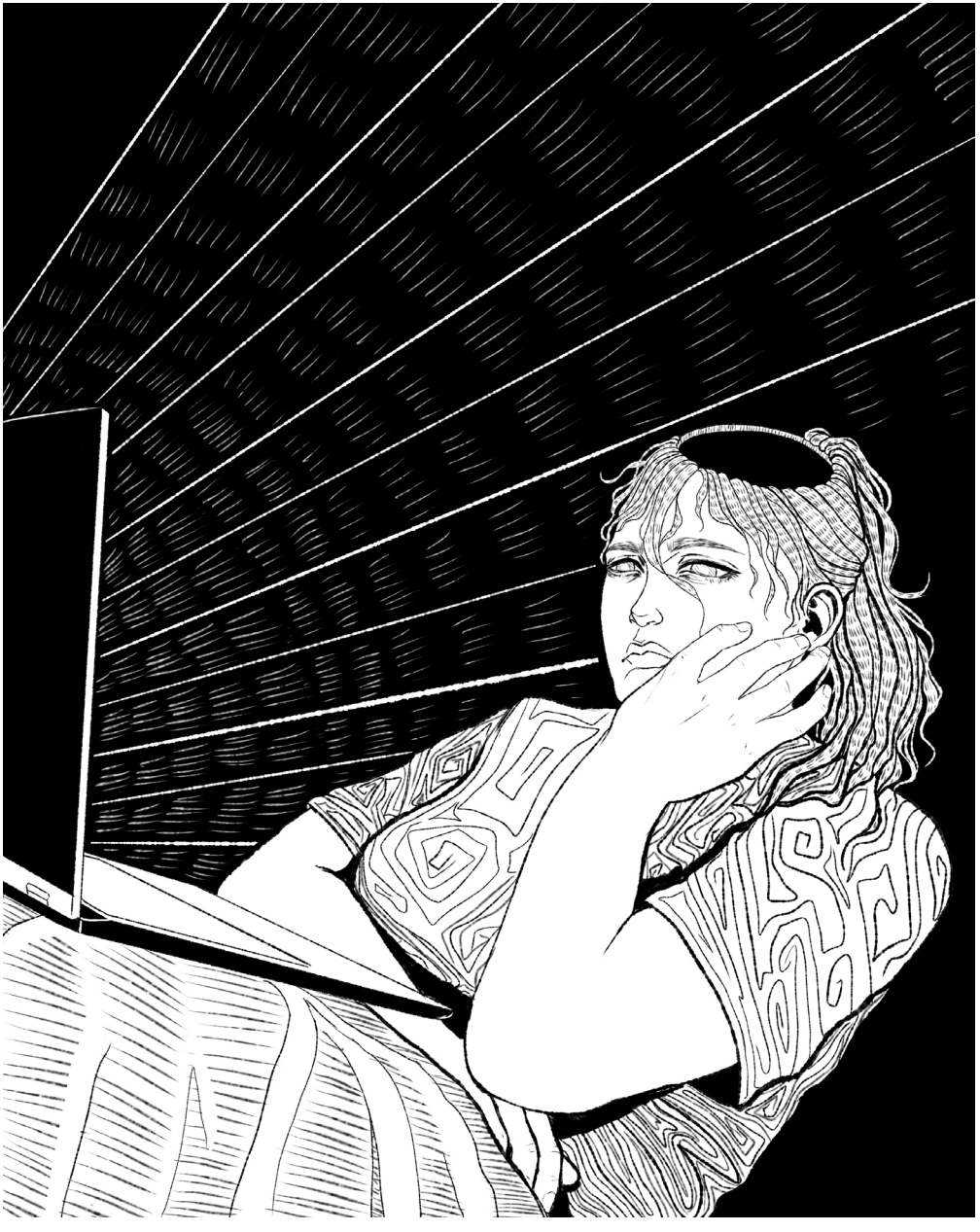
For any pronoun look into your eyes. If you are seeing a hated pronoun, look into your soul. Never knowing how far you can go. Take a trip back a few years or two. Remember the moment that completely broke you. Come back to the future and try to be proud. The people who know you are glad you are alive now.

The battles you fought internally in crowds or the ones all alone like a turtle in its shell. You are worth more than you know. You are worth more than it seems. This life is all yours, so go explore. Surviving is your biggest accomplishment. Where can you go from there? Any pronoun can achieve happiness. You just have to try and care.

Are You Like Me?

by Anna Austin

The sun streams in as she sits with a
MacBook propped against her legs,
Sleep pulling on her eyes as if they are
blinds
Accepting all the morning has brought
Her mind wanders, and she wonders if
someone is watching.
Would they be overwhelmed by the
wasteland inside her head?



Candle in the Window

by Whitney Williams

During cold, dark winter storms,

There was a candle in the window.

When perilous times approached,

There was a candle in the window.

On nights when the stars forgot to shine,

There was a candle in the window.

The day he ventured toward home,

There was a candle in the window.

When he realized she was always waiting,

He finally saw

The candle in the window.

French Toast

by Ta'Niya Patterson

I can remember the smell of your cooking in the morning.
The pancakes, the eggs, the rice
All of them tasted so good
So satisfying and fulfilling to take too many bites

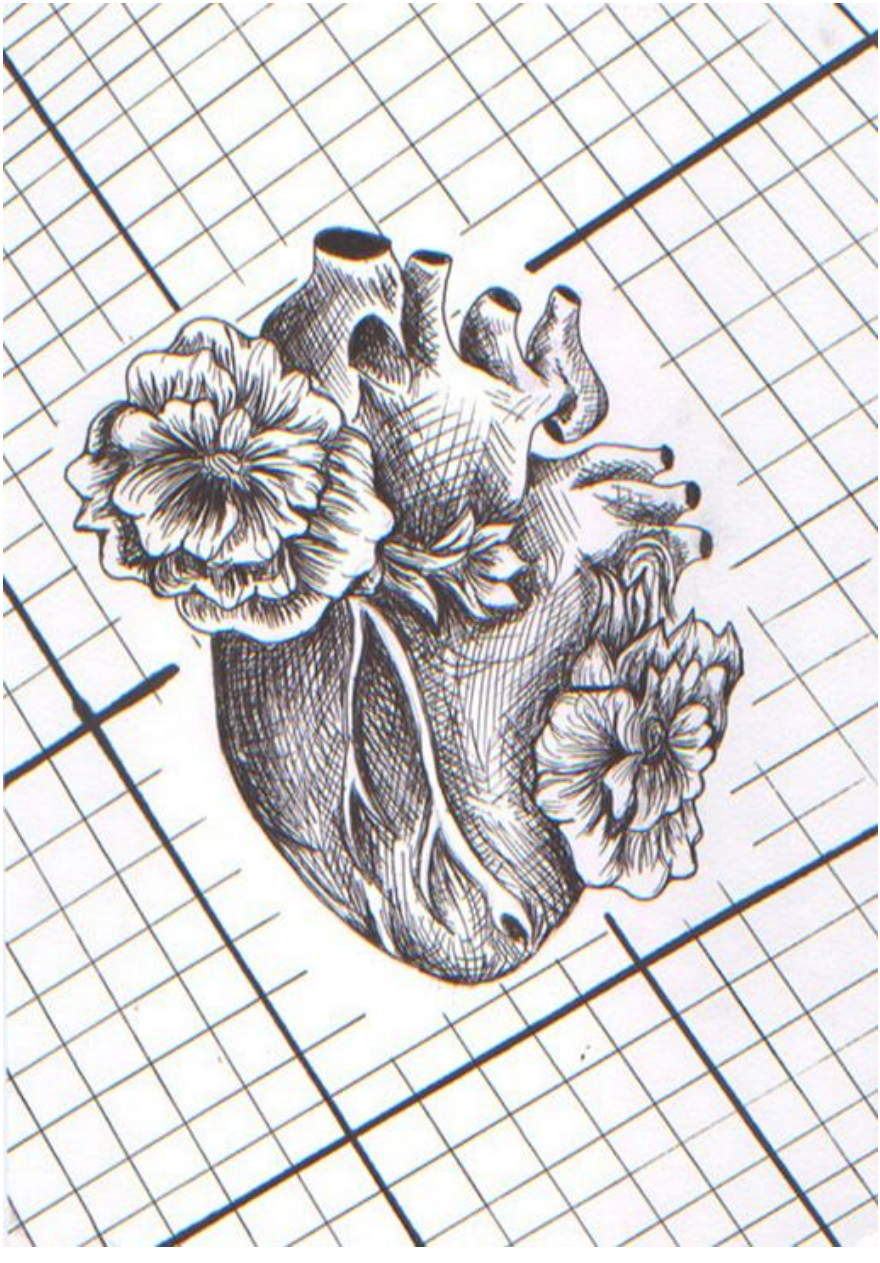
The foggy steam from the kettle.
The toast spread with jellies and jams.
All of the memories are coming back to me.
But it tears me down so I can barely stand.

Your famous french toast
Cinnamon and syrup, with orange juice on the side
My running tears are so salty
No other grandmother can calm my cries

I miss you so much
So much love and care in your meals
I will never forget
The happiness you made me feel

But all is not over
And your casket is set
But I can not forget you
Please don't leave me yet

Your recipes are still in our book
The book titled *Please Remember*
The french toast in the morning
My heart now colder than December



An untitled poem

by J’mya Sims

My anxiety’s creeping in, dismantling my demeanor. My heart burns for yours. My love mourns for yours without a second-hand of passion

forget me now

An untitled poem by

Tandraniqua Galloway

Where are you?

How could you leave me without a word

Vanish through the night unheard

I waited for you to call like you said

Every night I fall asleep disappointed instead

It only takes one call to ease my mind

Just to let me know that you are fine

A week ago, I walked around with a smile
Because I knew you were near, probably
Less than a mile
Now, I don’t know where you are
I pray to God that you're alright and not far
So, before I go to bed, I wish upon a star
To bring you back to me and mend my
broken heart

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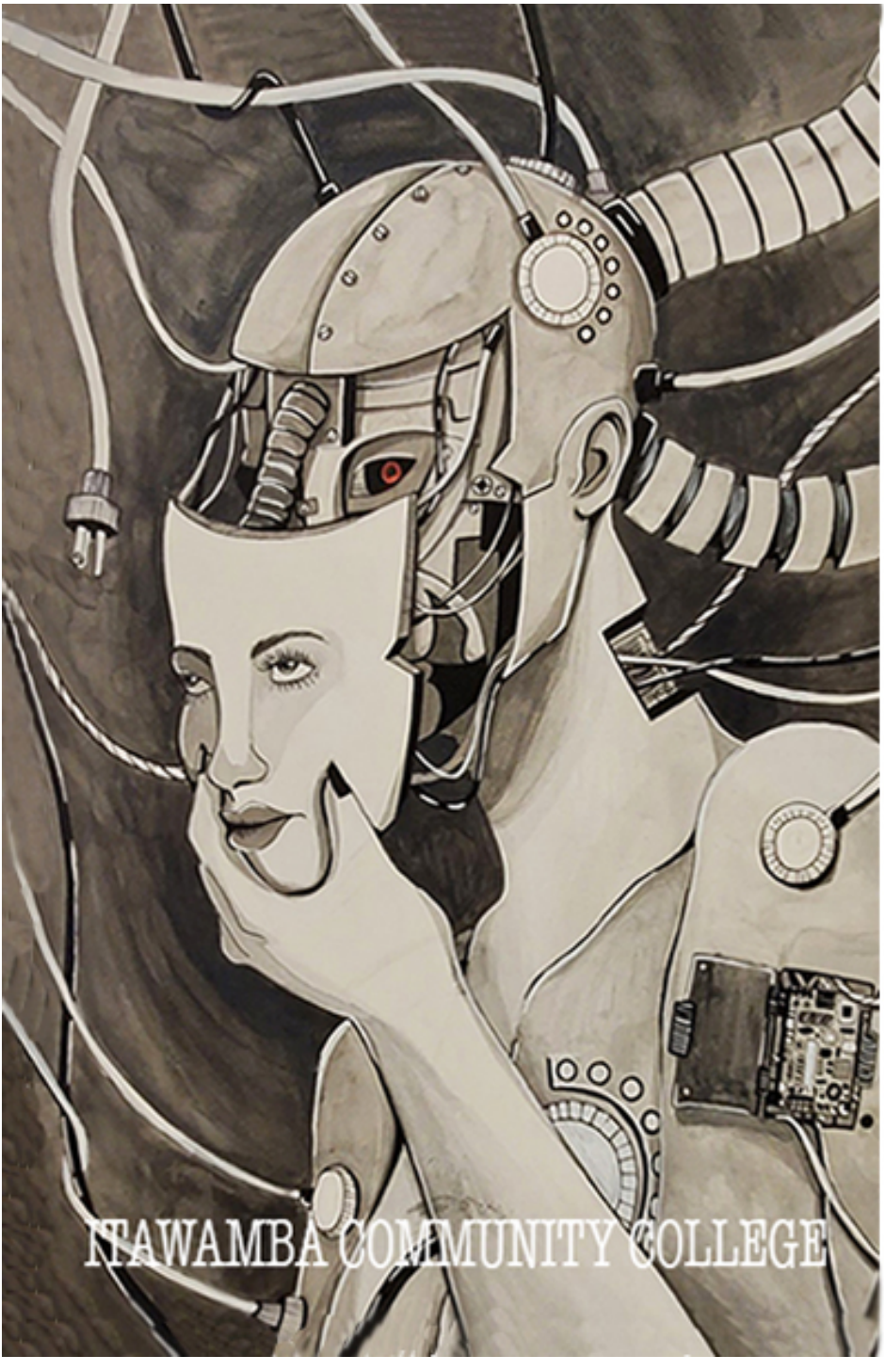
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